

A merry Wedding
Or, O Brave Arthur of Bradly
To a pleasant new Tune.



See you not Pearce the Piper
His Cheeks as big as a Myter
A pipping among the Swaine
That dance on ponder plaine,
Where Tib and Tom do trip it,
And pouths to the wozn pipe mipe it
With every one his carlage
To go to ponder marriage
Not one behind twon a day
But go with Arthur of Bradly
O brave Arthur of Bradly.

Why Arthur hath got him a Lads,
A bounter never was
The chiefest pouths in the Parish
Come dancing all in a Porrice
Jumping with mickle Pride,
And each his wench by his side
With Christmas gambols flowing,
And Country wenches frouncing
They all were fine and gay
For the honor of Arthur of Bradly, &c.

And when that Arthur was married,
And his wife home had carried,
The yongsters they did wait,
To help to carry up meat
Francis carried the Grumaty,
Michael carried the Plince-Pye
Bartholomew Wels and Mustard
And Christopher carried the Custard,
Thus every one in his arrap,
of the honor of Arthur of Bradly, &c.

And when that dinner was ended
The maidens they were befriended
For out steps Dick the Draper
And he bid strike up scraper,
Its best to be dancing a little
And then to the tabern and tippie
He called for a horn-pipe,
That went fine on the bag-pipe
Then forward Piper and play
For the honour of Arthur of Bradly, &c.

Richard he bid lead it
And Margery did tread it
Francis following then
And after courteous Jane
Thus every one after another:
As if they had been sister and brother,
That it was great joy to see,
How well they did agree
And then they all did say
For the honor of Arthur of Bradly, &c.

Then Miles in his most ly breeches
And he the piper besatches
To play him Hail thorn buds
That he and his wench might trudge,
But Laurence liked not that
No more did lussy Kate
For she cry'd canst thou not hit it
To see how fine Thomas can trip it,
For the honor of Arthur of Bradly
O brave Arthur of Bradly